FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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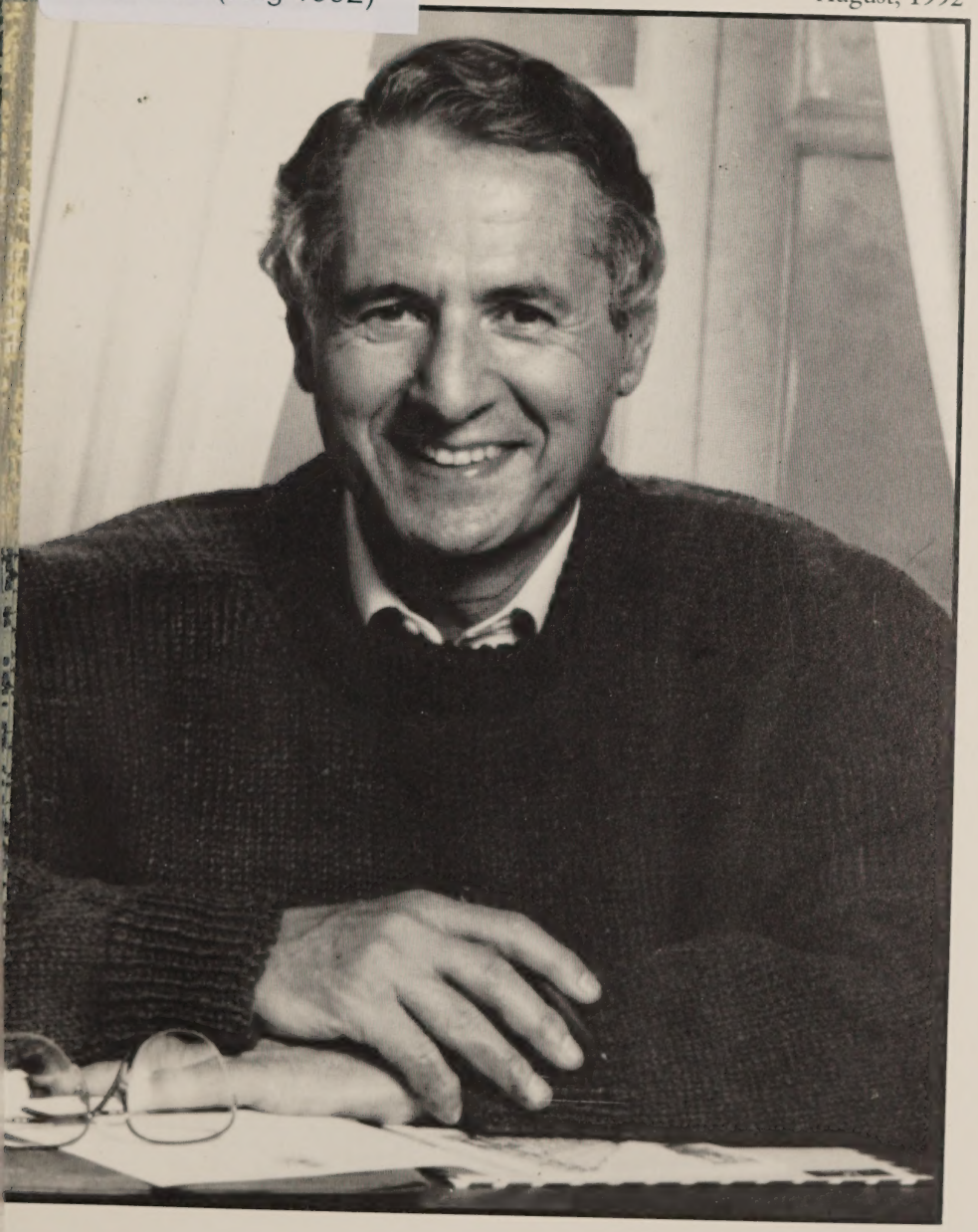

Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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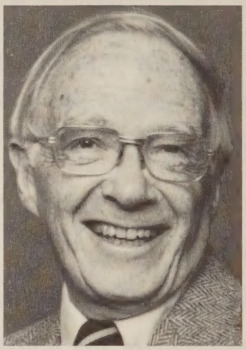


Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here! For me, as for many of you, August is vacation time. We leave work and worries behind, pack the family in the car, hit the highway, and head for the mountains, the shore, the open country.

We look forward to escaping from the pressures, demands, anxieties and pace of our workaday lives—spent indoors, for the most part, in air conditioned offices, homes and cars. We look forward to "getting away from it all" and escaping into nature, into some exotic, or idyllic, or peaceful place where the artificialities of the "real world" can't harass us for a week or two.

This summer, I hope you will be spending some time in a relatively unspoiled part of the natural world, where the water isn't as yet too contaminated for good fishing or swimming, where "development" hasn't yet destroyed your favorite field or forest for yet another shopping mall, and where the air is still clear enough so that, if you can't see forever, you can at least see some stars at night.

While you're enjoying this respite from our civilization's version of "progress," and remembering the way things were when you were a youngster, you might also reflect on what the steady destruction of our environment will mean to your children and grandchildren.

Speaking about the political, economic and technological causes of the environmental disasters that are turning his country into a wasteland, the former President of Czechoslovakia Vaclav Havel, writing in the New York Times recently, said that the basic problem lies much deeper; in "man's attitude toward the world, toward nature, toward other humans, toward being itself." Emphasizing the "moral and spiritual dimension" of the crisis, he wrote that "This is not just a technological, economic, or ecological task . . . Man is not an omnipotent master of the universe, allowed to do with impunity whatever he thinks, or whatever suits him at the moment. The world we live in is made of an immensely complex and mysterious tissue about which we know very little and which we must treat with utmost humility."

If we can't, or won't, change our ways and our attitude toward the natural world of which we are an integral part, our children's future may be bleak indeed.

Because God is in everything, the way we treat, or mistreat, our environment is a spiritual problem. Our salvation lies in a right relationship to the sacred and the divine mystery at the heart of all creation.

To celebrate and respect that mystery, your family might wish to spend part of an evening together this vacation, sitting quietly outdoors and offering the following prayer for the healing of ourselves and of Mother Earth:

*A PRAYER OF HEALING**

Reader 1: We join with the Earth and with each other
to bring new life to the land,
to restore the waters,
to refresh the air

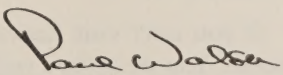
Reader 2: To renew the forests,
to care for the plants,
to protect the creatures

Reader 3: To celebrate the seas,
to rejoice in the sunlight,
to sing the song of the stars

Reader 4: To recall our destiny,
to renew our spirits,
to reinvigorate our bodies

Reader 5: To create the human community,
to promote justice and peace,
to remember our children.

Leader: We join together as many and diverse expressions
of one loving mystery:
for the healing of the Earth and the renewal of
all life.



Paul Walsh

**Written by Rev. Daniel Martin, Advisor to Fellowship in Prayer, as printed in* Celebrating Earth Holy Days *by Susan J. Clark, Crossroad/New York, 1992.*

Eknath Easwaran, one of a small handful of authentic spiritual teachers in our time, has just published a new book: *Climbing the Blue Mountain: a Guide for the Spiritual Journey* (Nilgiri Press: Tomales, CA, 1992). In 15 lovely essays saturated with the wisdom of the classics of world mysticism, Easwaran escorts his reader on a spiritual odyssey in and to God. Unlike "new age" gurus and many quick-cure specialists of our time—whose thought and practices have no grounding or testing in history—Easwaran writes for people who are willing to spend the years and years it takes to descend to the depths and ascend to the heights. "You will have to struggle for many years," he writes, "but in the end every selfish passion can be overcome: not repressed, not destroyed, but brought over to your service and trained. Then the power of fear is transformed into fearlessness, anger into compassion, hatred and resentment into love."

One of my favorite passages in the book compares a trip Easwaran took through India to the spiritual journey. One day, at 5,000 feet above sea level on the lofty Blue Mountain, he suddenly felt the "God of Love, the Divine Mother," drawing him to herself. This is what he experienced:

> My mind is still; my ego has been set at rest. The peace in my heart matches the peace at the heart of nature here. . . . This is my native state, the state to which I have been striving through the long travail of evolution to return. No longer am I a feverish fragment of life; I am indivisible from the Whole. I live completely in the present, released from the prison of the past with its haunting memories and vain regrets, released from the prison of the future with its tantalizing hopes and tormenting fears. All the enormous capacities formerly trapped in past and future flow to me here and now, concentrated in the hollow of my palm. No longer driven by the desire for personal pleasure or profit, I am free to use all these capacities to alleviate the suffering of those around me. In living for others I come to life.

If you can't visit Easwaran's ashram in Petaluma, CA, do read his books. You are in for a very great reward.

Mary Ford-Grabowsky

Life is this simple: we are living in a world that is absolutely transparent and God is shining through it all the time. This is not just a fable or a nice story. It is true. If we abandon ourselves to God and forget ourselves, we see it sometimes, and we see it maybe frequently. God is manifest everywhere, in everything—in people and in things and in nature and in events. It becomes very obvious that God is everywhere and in everything and we cannot be without God. It's simply impossible.

Thomas Merton

All human life has its seasons, and no one's personal chaos can be permanent: winter, after all, does not last forever, does it? There is summer, too, and spring, though sometimes when branches stay dark and the earth cracks with ice, one thinks they will never come, that spring, that summer, but they do, and always.

Truman Capote

Lord, enfold me in the depths of Your heart; and there hold me, refine, purge, and set me on fire, raise me aloft, until my own self knows utter annihilation.

Teilhard de Chardin

You love with an everlasting love, because You are love. And so You are patiently effective always and everywhere, even when we cannot feel Your presence. Teach us to love without wanting to control; to love without limit; to love You, our friends, and also our enemies. Teach us to be patient in love when love is not returned; teach us to be patient when even You are apparently far away. Teach us loving, waiting, patience when there is no answer to our questionings and our doubt.

Michael Hollings and Etta Gullick

I have calmed and quieted my soul, like a child quieted at its mother's breast: like a child that is quieted is my soul.

Psalm 131.3

I saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. And in that also I saw the infinite love of God; and I had great openings.

George Fox

Empowering People: An Interview with Arthur Caliandro

A member of the Board of Trustees of Fellowship in Prayer, Dr. Arthur Caliandro is Senior Minister at the Marble Collegiate Church on 5th Avenue in New York City. The 46th minister in a succession that began in 1628, he followed Norman Vincent Peale, whose best selling book became a classic in its field: The Power of Positive Thinking. *Dr. Caliandro is the recipient of 2 honorary doctorates and was named Clergyman of the Year in 1991. In addition to serving on numerous boards, founding groups that help people from all walks of life, writing sermons that are broadcast on radio and TV, he wrote* Make Your Life Count, *a book widely acclaimed as an unsurpassed guide to a more meaningful and more successful life.*

The following interview took place in Dr. Caliandro's lovely, spacious office at Marble Collegiate Church, where he quickly lived up to his reputation as impassioned and inspiring.

Q. Norman Vincent Peale once referred to you as a "people builder." What did he mean by that?

A. One thing I've learned is that I can't control another person, I can't make them do anything. The best thing I can do is to affirm and enable and give freedom. Everybody here at Marble is free, free with their gifts. If somebody has the ability to make something happen I try to recognize and affirm and encourage that person so they can be who they are.

Every human being needs to be loved, needs to be valued, needs to be encouraged. That is the basic foundation that we have here at the Church. Just the plain practice of hospitality. I care for you, you're important, you're special. Every individual needs this. We try to relate more on the level of the heart than the head because we don't nurture and help each other if we only deal with the intellect. We've discovered that as people are nurtured they feel valued; then they're in a position to appreciate the needs of others and will respond to the challenge of involvement in the life of the community. I've been overwhelmed at the numbers of people who volunteer to sleep in shelters run by not-for-profit organizations to help the homeless. They get there at 9 or 10 o'clock at night, converse with the homeless and have breakfast with them the next morning, then go on to work.

Q. Are women emerging at Marble Collegiate?

A. We've had women on the board for five years and this church goes back a long time, to 1628. I remember my own process, "who can the first women be?" It was important to me and some of us here that those first women be very strong people, have something to contribute but not be overwhelming in their strength. And I've yet to hear one complaint about either one of them. They are very competent, very strong, very gracious, very feminine.

Q. What do you think women want today?

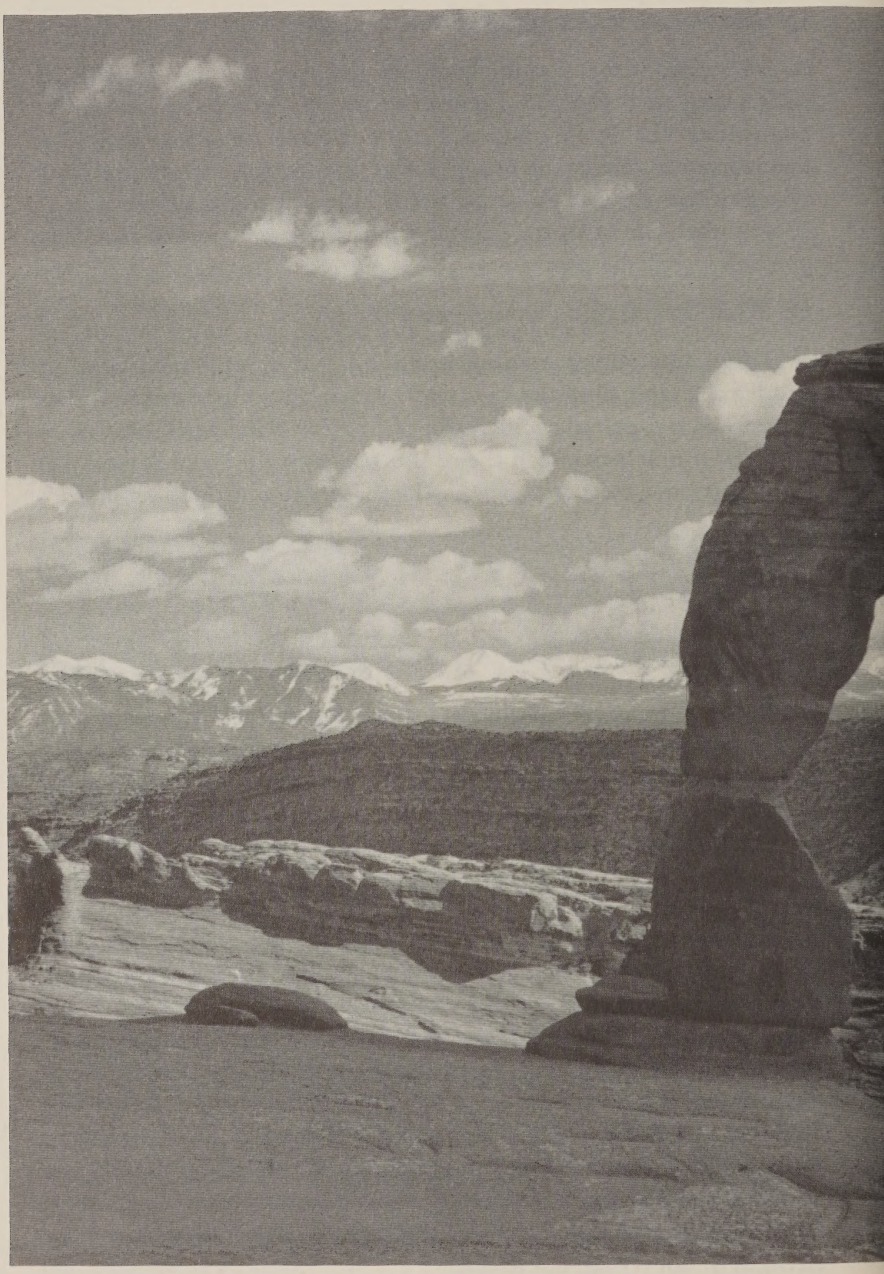
A. I think that women want and need power. They want to be womanly and female, with all of the "niceties" of that, the softness, and yet they want to be recognized as full human beings who are equal, who are as good as, if not better than their male counterpart. There is pain that women are not there yet and they know they're not there yet and it's

> Attitude may be the only area in life where we have absolute freedom of choice . . . We really serve the world best if we choose to have a loving attitude.

frustrating. The church has a hard time with this. It has been a male dominated society since day one. The old testament is male dominated. The canon of the scripture was done by men. The rulers and elders of the church have been men and only in the last generation have women begun to assume the role. It's exciting to see what's happening in this church.

Q. What do you see as the real problem for men today?

A. Identity. Identity is a major issue. Strangely, most of the men I talk to who come to this church are struggling with this. They know that they want to be more open and more inclusive of who they are. They have a higher level of respect for the feminine, for the feminine parts of themselves that need to be expressed. These are people who are interested in learning how to cry and know that because they haven't been able to cry they have missed something and there is a lot of pent-up feeling in them. On the other hand, there are those men who have a sort of John Wayne complex, a need for distance, for the man to be strong, whatever that means; to be dominant, I think. They'll say that is what strength is: not crying, not feeling.



Janet Gnall

Q. You have a program called "I Have A Dream." It's quite an example of people-building!

A. It's a program started in Harlem by Eugene Lange, a wealthy New York businessman. He promised to educate any child who would finish high school, guaranteed them college tuition and inspired a lot of other wealthy people across the country to do the same. We were the first church to do this. We raised about a quarter of a million dollars to fund this program. We are in the fourth year and it's very difficult. If we get 30 of the 70 through high school and 20 through college, we will have done something significant, because the drop out rate in that part of Harlem is 50 to 70 per cent. The members of the church have been extraordinary in trying to relate to the kids. There are many who have bonded with them in mentoring/friendship relationships.

Q. What are the spiritual needs of the people who come to this Church?

A. This is a church that can be classified as a re-entry church. The majority of people who come here have been away from the church for a long time and most of them were injured by the church when they were younger, abused with guilt trips, with criticism, with rigidity. Now when they discover in themselves an interest and hunger for something spiritual, for God, for faith, they feel Marble is a safe place to come to, because they're not going to get beaten up emotionally or spiritually.

People essentially don't know how to pray and they want to learn how to pray. People want faith, and faith, as you know, is something you can talk about, but you don't get faith by reading about it; it's a contagious thing. Faith is caught. People are looking for that.

Also, there is a continuing request and desire for learning how to improve relationships. Because that's where most of our problems come from. Our sadness, our happiness, whatever, comes from our ability or inability to get along with other people. So we gear a lot to that in various ways. One is we have a lot of small groups, Share and Prayer Groups. Also we refer a lot of people to therapy. Not everybody *needs* therapy but everybody could be helped by it. We probably have several hundred people who are or have been in counseling and what we discovered is that if a person is getting good therapy, that releases them and enables them to grow spiritually. Unless some of those internal, emotional knots are addressed and untied, we keep on doing a spiritual white-wash, *praying* to solve a problem instead of *solving* it.

Tom Dunham

On occasion I preach on the text, "You shall know the truth and the truth will make you free." I think what Jesus was saying there is you can know the fullness of who you are, you can know the depth of your human experience, you can be in touch with the range of feeling, in touch with your anger, your depression, your frustration, your temptation, your loneliness, your despair, and as you relate to the fullness of the range of the human experience, you open to the movement of the spirit. As we discover ourselves, we discover what our truth is, and that truth sets us free. An example: a number of years ago I was going through a very difficult time. On the surface, things were going well with my life, family, children, work, friendships, health, but something was wrong inside, I was dead inside. I had tried a whole series of different kinds of prayers—the Jesus Prayer—Lord have mercy on me and make haste to help me—and so forth. None of them solved the problem, but I think they helped get me to the next place, where the spirit intercedes for us. One June morning, on vacation in Maine, I read the story of Jesus and the blind man. Jesus asked the blind man, "What can I do for you?" and the blind man answered, "That I might receive my sight." I had a very

specific sense at that point that the blind man's prayer was my prayer, "That I might receive my sight." It was very clear that this was the prayer I was to pray. June, July, August, September, October, November were the worst months of my life. I went through unbelievable hell. My second open heart operation. Fear that I was going to die and that everything I had worked for was going to collapse. I did not know, as I look back on it now, that I was getting in touch with my own truth, that my prayer was being answered. I had to go through the fires to find this truth—my personhood, my feelings.

Q. You wrote a pamphlet about the value of a loving attitude. Please tell me about that.

A. One of my major themes is attitude. Attitude may be the only area in life where we have absolute freedom of choice. The attitude isn't everything. It doesn't solve all our problems but it points in whatever direction we are going. And whatever attitude we have, it creates an aura around us, an energy field around us. If it's positive, if it's confident, if it's joyous, if it's hopeful, if it's optimistic, we have a certain aura. And that projects. If it's negative, if it's demeaning, it comes back to us. But attitude is something that nobody can make us have. Nobody. We can be forced to do many things, but we cannot be forced to have an attitude that we do not want to have. We have absolute choice on this. Of all the psychologizing that's been done—and I've studied a lot of psychology—the bottom line is what we choose, which direction we choose to take, what the position of the mind will be with whatever. We really serve the world best if we choose to have a loving attitude.

A Celtic Prayer

This morning, I pray that
the flame of God's love may burn in my heart and
in the hearts of all I meet today.

I pray that no envy or
malice, no hatred or fear,
may smother the flame.
I pray that indifference
and apathy, contempt and
pride, may not pour like
cold water on the fire.

Instead, may the spark
of God's love light the
love in my heart, that it
may burn brightly through
the day.

And may I warm those who are
lonely, whose hearts are
cold and lifeless, so that
all may know the comfort of God's love.

A Mother's Psalm

All Godmother God, raise this child
in the faith that supports Your promises.

Choir 1 I gave birth to a rose-fingered dawn
who touches my life with sunbeams,
reminding me,
when shadows fall,
that life does begin again.

Choir 2 I gave birth to a shooting star
who hurls across my horizon,
rising, falling,

Mari Kane

filling my days
with spontaneity.

All Godmother God, raise this child
in the faith that supports Your promises.

Choir 1 I gave birth to a summer day
who warms me
and fulfills me;
seed, bud, branch, bloom
will one day touch the sky.

Choir 2 I gave birth to thunder and rain,
to lightning flash
and fury,
whose sudden storms
are swift,
spawning rainbows
everywhere.

All Godmother God, raise this child
in the faith that supports Your promises.

Choir 1 I gave birth to eagle's wings,
to one who craves the mountains,
seeking, soaring
high above mere
mediocrity.

Choir 2 I gave birth to a lion cub,
O God,
grant me this blessing,
that through this child's
graced leadership,
Your Word will rise again.

All Godmother God, raise this child
in the faith that supports Your promises.

Miriam T. Winter

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Rock Ritual VII

ROBERT O'ROURKE

Tender feelings for the beauty of a turquoise rock inspire a beloved FiP *writer to create a "ritual of renewal,"—the seventh in a series treasured by our readers.*

Today I sit in my small wood-carver's shop and look across the foothills to Horsetooth Mountain a few miles to the west. The sun has completed its faithful journey across Colorado skies and slips softly behind the Rockies in a panoramic splash of color: orange, yellow, turquoise—reflections of the Southwest—of canyons, rocks, mesas, sand and high mountain lakes. In this moment of silence I recall a phrase . . .

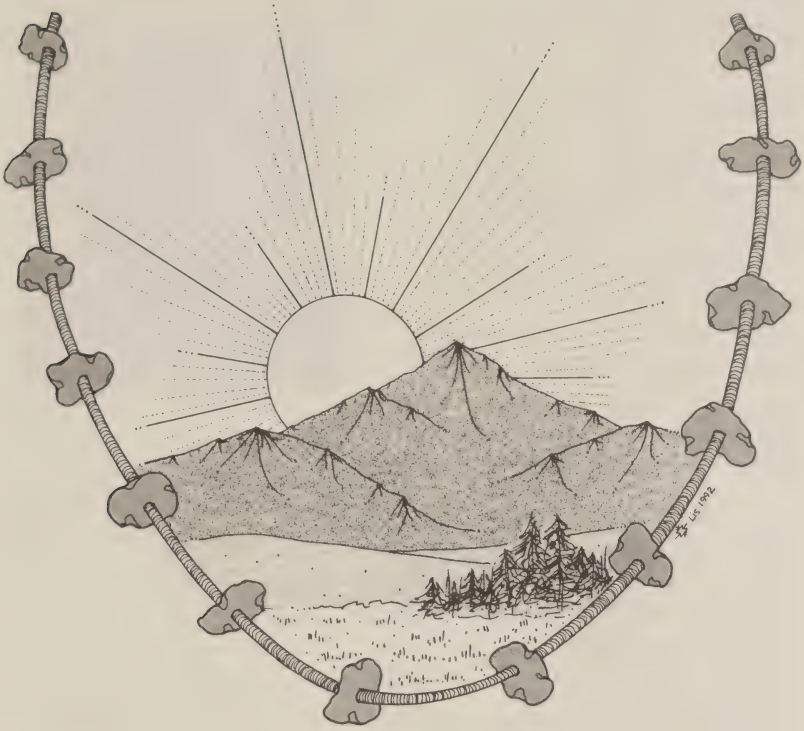
Peace is seeing a sunset
and knowing Whom to thank.

At the close of this day I know Whom to thank and do so with a simple rock ritual, one of many ways to pray. Let me share it with you now.

Over twenty years ago I purchased a turquoise necklace from a Santo Domingo Pueblo woman on the Plaza in Santa Fe, New Mexico. It was made of *heishi* (bits of shell rolled by hand), and thirty-nine irregular-shaped turquoise rocks. The same blue-green rocks regarded for centuries as sacred by the Indians throughout this land: Zuni, Navajo, Hopi, Pueblo, Apache, Pima, Papago. I too consider each turquoise rock as sacred in the same way others reverence their rosaries. As I touch each rock I say a prayerful thanks to the Creator-of-Sunsets-and-Multi-Colored-Stones:

for health . . . the beauty of nature
family . . . love
strong hands . . . work
walks with my dogs . . . happiness
hope . . . life!

A Colorado writer and poet, Bob O'Rourke also sculpts Santos, *statues of the saints most revered by the people of New Mexico and the southwest. Lisa A. Smith, whose illustration accompanies this article, is an artist and creator of "Spirit Stone" fetishes.*



Each time I contemplate these gifts of grace new ones present themselves to awareness making each ritual a creative, new experience. In these times I need symbols of solitude and ritual for renewal. Thirty-nine stones and the sheen of a mountain sunset provide a balm of calm, a peaceful benediction for my day.

CATHERINE GORMAN

Mary at Ephesus

John is older now.
The years have passed quickly
since that day we stood together
newly minted mother-son
at the foot of Calvary's Cross.

Strong, tall, lean, his white beard
rich against his brown robe,
he sits in the other room and writes.
I call him to our noonday meal
in our little house here by the azure sea.

There is lamb, mixed with rice and onions,
dusted with cinnamon and eggplant
from my garden, cooked in spices
and covered with cheese Hannah makes
from milk of Nubian goats.

Sometimes mornings
fresh from sleep and prayer
I walk on the
beach
the wind from Asia
blowing briskly at my back
and think
of all the things
that happened long ago in Nazareth,
of angel wings beating like
bumblebees orbed in rainbow hues
and the world alight with
gold, then
the deep hush as the quiet waited, waited
until I said Yes.

To a Young Girl at Manresa

Your thin wounded face like an Etruscan mask
silvered with light from the June
Annapolis moon
glows with hope love piety
as you speak about
the things of God.

Outside on the long white porch
overlooking sea and city
you stand wraithlike in moonglow
wrapped in white gauze with
small pink roses and
filled with quiet perceptions
floating mind to mind
telegraphed in body language and
little wisps of scent.

Waiting for life's invitation
you stand in earnest conversation
with an older man
talking about sorrow and sadness and
listening,
murmuring sounds of comfort,
to a tale of life lost.

Your moth wings beat near light
coming close but never touching,
darting back into darkness where
safe is.

Catherine Gorman is a freelance writer living in Falls Church, Virginia.

Learning to See

WILLIAM M. STEPHENS

Twenty-three years after his transforming spiritual experience, this writer is "astonished at the sheer beauty of life." For him, the secret of aging graciously lies in living fully in the "eternal present."

In 1968 I went through a dreamlike experience of dying, and somehow I was changed overnight from an agnostic to a believer. (An account of that event was published in the June, 1992 issue of *Fellowship in Prayer*, "Oceanic Sound.") After that experience, I found myself noticing many things I had never before paid much attention to.

I was astonished at the sheer beauty of birds in flight, and their exquisite grace in landing on a wire or twig. I marveled at the patterns and textures in leaves and tree bark, and the movements of arms and legs when people walk or jog or run; the ever-changing sky, and the interplay of light and shadows on people's faces and on the natural world. I felt as though I had been looking through fog all my life, and now, at the age of 44, the fog had suddenly lifted. All because of God's Grace. I had certainly never done anything to deserve it.

In many ways I felt like a child. I would look at my own hands and marvel at the incredible way they function. How do they "remember" how to hold a pencil or button a shirt? How do I manage to drive such a complicated and powerful machine as an automobile through heavy traffic, handling the clutch and brake, the steering, the gears and accelerator, without consciously thinking about it? (In fact, when I thought about it, the task was much more difficult.)

One thing I found to be most remarkable is that I was able to get very close to wild creatures without frightening them. On the beach one day I found I could befriend a ghost crab, an elusive creature that normally dashes into its hole if you come anywhere near. By crawling slowly and talking softly to the crab, telling it I loved it and meant it no harm, I was able to move my head to within a foot of the crab. Then carefully I

A Tennessee lawyer who long ago found his way to the Divine Beloved, Bill Stephens is a regular contributor to Fellowship in Prayer.

reached out and touched its claw and even its long eye stalks, brushing a few grains of sand off its shell. It never moved until I waved my hand, and then it scuttled away rapidly.

Of course, we have read of great souls in history who accomplished unbelievable feats with wild animals. Frances of Assisi made friends with a wolf that had terrorized the citizens of Gubbio, and the wolf became a housepet for the entire village. In contemporary times, Yogananda told of a yogi who tamed a tiger and turned the beast into a vegetarian which, instead of roaring, purred "Om." So my little encounter with the ghost crab is of no significance, except to show that anybody who is patient and caring can make friends with wild creatures. My friend Bob Brown has stroked bumblebees as they fed on flowers, and we all know of people who feed wild birds by hand.

Another thing I noticed is that all kinds of wild creatures seem to know when they are being stared at, and I wonder if there might be some kind of energy exchange. On several occasions I have noted that, while diving in tropical waters, a shark or barracuda will sometimes drift in close on a diver's "blind side." (They do not necessarily have mischief or mayhem in their minds; they may simply be curious.) But if you turn and look directly at the fish, it is likely to move away, often rapidly. They remind me of a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

Even insects seem to know when they are being stared at. While intent on swatting a fly or mosquito, I have found that, if I look directly at my target, it will usually fly before I can administer the *coup de grace*. However, if I stare at a point an inch or so away from my quarry, it does not take alarm and I can swat it successfully. (This seems to suggest that my staring, and not just my thinking, is what alerts the creature.) The same is true when I try to catch wasps that manage to get through the screens of our house. I don't like to use insecticides, and I'd rather not kill a wasp that means me no harm, so I trap them in a small glass and release them outdoors. It is easy to do if you don't stare directly at them. (As to why I have no compunction about killing mosquitoes and flies, but I hesitate to kill wasps, I can only say it is because mosquitoes suck my blood and flies leave germs on food, while a wasp will not harm me unless I hurt or threaten it.)

Human beings, of course, also respond to loving thoughts; but being infinitely more complicated than lower animals, they may take longer to demonstrate their response. Meher Baba has said that we can convert our

Janet Gnall

worst enemy into our dearest friend simply by thinking well of him or her. I truly believe it, for I have seen wonderful things happen, in my own heart and in the hearts of others. Loving thoughts are like prayers. In fact, they *are* prayers. Since all love comes from God, any loving thought must eventually return to its Source.

If we pray constantly, we are bound to help everyone we encounter, or even think about. Our prayers, while on their way to God, affect each soul they touch on the way.

Along with learning to see better in recent years, I have discovered I have the ability to draw and paint, which is something I never did before. I had always assumed I had no talent. But the problem was that I could not see clearly. My mind got in the way. Or, from another point of view, my thinking was dominated by the left hemisphere of my brain. Now that I am in better balance, I can activate the right hemisphere when it is time to paint a picture. It is simply a matter of *seeing*, I believe, and of drawing what one sees. [The book *Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain*, by Betty Edwards, gives practical exercises that will help anyone with a desire to draw to access the creative or right side of the brain.]

Most importantly, I am learning to live in the "eternal present." When living in the here and now, I am happy. But, when I am reliving the past,

It (is) possible for you to experience yourself as the illimitable ocean of love.

or daydreaming about the future, I am robbing myself of happiness, for I am either wishing I could change the past or desiring a future that might not be appropriate. Since the past is dead and frozen, and the future is determined by the present, I must always remember to live to the utmost *this moment* and *this day*.

According to Meher Baba:

> The way to peace and fulfillment in union with God, The Divine Beloved, is a daring dive into the 'eternal now.' Not by fruitless surveys of the past, nor by elusive longings for the future, nor by enslavement to the fleeting moment, but by staking everything for God, is it possible for you to experience yourself as the illimitable ocean of love. Here and nowhere else is the final solution of all your problems. Love born in the Truth liberates without binding and fulfills without overpowering; it is a pure blessing not only for yourself, but for each and all, for ever and ever, in the eternal now. Amen.

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The Impact of Prayer

WAYNE TEASDALE

Prayer is the one true way toward freedom of the human spirit—freedom from *all that we don't want to be and freedom* for *development as loving people.*

Prayer, meditation and spiritual discipline play a decisive role in the formation of a saintly character. It is pivotal to the whole process of transformation, the moral and intellectual process of inner growth of the person who assents to undergo the journey to spiritual maturity and wholeness. Spiritual maturity and wholeness are themselves the reality of love, compassion and kindness animating the character, heart, intelligence and actions of the person. We can discern these qualities in any saint whom we happen to know, and they are descriptive of holiness in every age. More dramatically we can see them in such great examples as Mahatma Gandhi, Pope John XXIII, Dorothy Day, Mother Teresa and the Dalai Lama. In these individuals heroic virtue is almost obvious, but what makes it so evident is their love and intensely concrete compassion; compassion is never merely abstract. It is useful to note that in these examples and in the lives of the saints in every tradition, prayer is at the center of their daily exercise and the profound change in them.

When prayer reaches higher levels of development, when it becomes contemplation, and this contemplative experience takes root in a person's being, becoming the focus of his or her commitment, it sparks a revolution in the person's consciousness, in their character and in the way that an individual acts towards others. There is a deep-seated change in consciousness because one's knowledge is expanded. Illumination opens up

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Janet Gnall

vistas of greater awareness. The person acquires a larger perspective on life, God, self, others, society, the world and nature.

This growth in perspective empowers the individual to see beyond the limitations of the culture and society, the negative influences that one may not have noticed or that one may have taken in as unexamined assumptions. If one were aware of them, they still remained unquestioned, almost as if they were self-evident truths. These influences are often blocks to genuine spiritual discovery and maturation in the inner life. Some of these assumptions would include; obsession with one's image, the youth cult with all its narcissism; addiction to consumerism and entertainment, attachment to values arising from current social mores, especially those of the "sexual revolution," thus neglecting eternal sources, competition in all areas of life, and tolerance of injustice, inequities like racism.

Greater consciousness, through the illumination prayer or contemplation brings, grants a deeper grasp of life as a spiritual journey, a process of unfolding in one's relationship with God, with others and with oneself. God is experienced inwardly, through others and in creation. Others are regarded with love rather than indifference; compassion rather than judgment, and kindness rather than impatience. Nature and the world are not viewed as alien but as dear friends. God, nature, the world and others are enjoyed in an ever-expanding sense of communion, a communion animated by love.

Essentially, prayer is attentiveness to God, and this has various de-

Janet Gnall

grees, from weak or faltering to total. This attentive attitude is itself the fruit of love; God's love for us and ours for God. In time God's love becomes the dominant commitment of the will. The person has achieved purity of heart and spiritual wholeness. Joy takes hold of the heart, transmuting every moment into the irresistible attraction and power of divine Love. Gratitude envelops one as he or she knows this Love and is united to God. Therese of Lisieux sums it up in these simple but eloquent words: "For me, prayer is a lifting up of the heart; it's a simple glance towards Heaven; it's a cry of gratitude and love in the midst of trial as well as joy. It is something great, supernatural, which expands my soul and unites me to God." Notice in her description how prayer leads Therese to union with God. She is referring to passive or infused contemplation, which is purely a gift of God, rather than active or acquired contemplation which depends mostly on our own efforts. The Spirit conducts us to union in the ultimate reaches of contemplation.

Mature prayer or contemplation, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, initiates a moral revolution in one's being. It inspires *metanoia*, (conversion), surrender to God, a single-minded determination to reject wrong doing, selfishness and the old habits of behavior. It demands, even extracts, radical changes of character. It refines one in grace; restores the image and likeness of God in the person, and with the passage of time, completely purifies motives, intentions and actions. The refinement process in grace and the restoration are themselves part of the work of purgation, as it is called in the Christian mystical tradition. Although this

labor of contemplation is difficult, it is absolutely indispensable to spiritual maturity and is the basis of real compassion and love towards others. As painful as it is, as lonely and desolate as it may seem, it is unquestionably the way employed by divine love to bring a soul into the fullness of mystical union with itself. The moral transformation that allows holiness to dawn in our lives is the sure foundation for this union.

The person who is transformed by divine Love, who is given final integration, has regained inner freedom by acquiring sufficient perspective on cultural conditioning, by a persistent assent of the will to the labors of grace in the spiritual life and by the special gift of this grace itself, the grace that is actually the communication of the Holy Spirit, divine Love. Once the individual has this expanded vision of life and faith, once one has thrown off constraining compulsions, one achieves true liberty of spirit, the *sine qua non* of spiritual maturity or union with divine Love. Without this freedom, the inner life, the mystical journey, to which all prayer summons us, cannot develop fully. Thomas Merton identifies this ultimate freedom with prayer, understood in its highest contemplative sense:

> Prayer is the flowering of our inmost freedom, in response to the Word of God. Prayer is not only dialogue with God: it is the communion of our freedom with God's ultimate freedom, God's infinite spirit. It is the elevation of our limited freedom into the infinite freedom of the divine spirit, and one of the divine Love. Prayer is the encounter of our freedom with the all-embracing charity which knows no limit and knows no obstacle. Prayer is an emergence into this area of infinite freedom.

Nothing must hinder our own assent to God, in the self-donation of ourselves as really free. As Merton mentions, communion is the goal: divine Love with the human person. Communion can only be complete if there are no obstacles, chief of which is a condition of bondage to lesser goods, temporary joys, a bondage that obstructs our ultimate yes to God, the yes that is the very substance of human freedom itself. Freedom is given by God as the personal vehicle of our journey to divine union.

Prayer not only expands our awareness and transforms our character, it also alters our relationships with others by perfecting our intentions and actions towards them. Where before self-interest was dominant, now compassion governs; where judgment prevailed, love reigns, and where irritation and impatience existed, kindness radiates. This miracle is the fruit of intense prayer, and prayer is a gift of the Holy Spirit given to any generous soul who has the courage to keep asking.

Praying in Song

BERNADETTE MARIE ONDUS

Driving thirty to thirty-five minutes to my ministry is a blessed opportunity for communing with God. Very often, though, I fail to take full advantage of this time of quiet. Too often my mind races from one triviality to another. I fail to focus it on the Center of my life, God: Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

One Sunday morning, however, I experienced God in a unique way. Before I set out I became disturbed by a trying situation. I felt, therefore, that I would not enjoy the ride on that lovely sunny March morning. I was so preoccupied with my misery, I felt I could not get in touch with the delights along my route, the quaint farmhouses and fertile farmlands and quiet wooded areas.

Even though I was upset, I somehow managed to express in a melody of my own making exactly how I felt. I asked God in song what was being asked of me and why God saw fit to try and test me once again. From my own melody I turned to the song "Like a Bridge over Troubled Waters." I sang a phrase over and over and the calming effect worked a wonder. In spite of myself I became aware of the sun beating down on my arm and I felt joy at its warmth, the harbinger of Spring. I was truly feeling joy—even though when I had set out just a half hour ago, I was certain I would never again enjoy anything!

Continuing on my journey, I felt a new calm and peace, and when a bright bluebird, the sun glinting on its small form, crossed my range of vision, I knew I had received from God a very clear message about love. Again I broke into a song, a song of gratitude about a "bluebird of happiness" crossing my path.

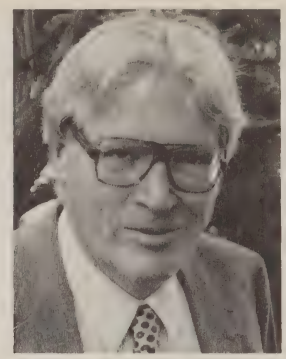
Even though the possibility of a murky future still lurked in the far recesses of my mind, the day had been redeemed by the God of surprises. I knew that on this day I was capable of meeting all my responsibilities, if not with ecstasy, at least with a measure of trust.

S. Bernadette Marie is engaged in parish and prison ministry and is also in Clinical Pastoral Education at Geisinger Medical Center in Danville, PA.

Mari Kane

To Pray and to Serve

RICHARD BOEKE



For this prominent California clergyman, prayer and service are inseparable. "Whatever is blocking the way to the center of the individual where the altar is found, this must be removed" he writes. The way will then be clear for the sacrament of social action.

"My heart must be a swinging door that opens in and out."

The most influential mystic in my life has been Howard Thurman. More recently, my thinking is being influenced by Tenko-san, the founder of Itto-en, a religious commune near Kyoto in Japan.

Howard Thurman was born in Florida. As a child, he read to his grandmother, who had been a slave. The rhythm of his mysticism was set by long walks along the Atlantic Ocean, the waves becoming a rhythm in his very soul. On the opposite side of the world in Japan, Tenko-san searched for the answer to the riddle of faith and found it in the image of a mother nursing a baby. It was natural for the mother to give. It was natural for the baby to receive.

Mysticism is often misunderstood as a "closed-eye withdrawal from the world." Modern Humanists often reject words like mystic, spirit and worship, but a dozen years ago when Howard Thurman spoke in our Unitarian Church on the topic of "Mysticism and Social Action," he conveyed the practical concern of mysticism to transform the world.

A leading voice in the worldwide-interfaith movement, Dr. Richard Boeke is Vice President of the Tsubaki (Shinto) Shrine of America. He is also a member of the Pacific Interfaith Parliament, the International Association for Religious Freedom and similar organizations. With his wife, Joanna, he is Co-Pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Berkeley.

The first great key in his talk was the tremendous power of the mystical experience. He said:

> As a boy, in Florida, I walked along the beach of the Atlantic Ocean in the quiet stillness that can only be incompletely felt, where the murmur of the ocean is stilled and the tide moves stealthily along the shore. I held my breath against the night, and watched the stars etch their brightness on the face of the darkened canopy of the heavens. I sensed that all things—the sand, the sea, the stars, the night and I—were one lung through which all of life is breathing. Not only was I aware of a vast rhythm enveloping all, but I was a part of that rhythm, and the rhythm was a part of me.

Notice Dr. Thurman's emphasis upon breath: "I sense that all things . . . are one lung through which all of life is breathing." He reminds me of a Hindu story in which two teachers are talking. One suggests that there are millions of gods. The other, the primal spirit, says, "There is one God, and the one God is named breath."

Every practice of meditation that I am aware of suggests that you concentrate upon your breath. In paying attention to your breath, you will gradually return your being to the rhythm of life. The blessing of gratitude will come over you, and you will be able to go out and give to life, "as naturally as a fruit tree gives its fruit in season." The very power of a mystical experience such as Thurman describes renews our love of life. And from that very love we want to go out and help others to find this experience for themselves. This is the second key I find in Howard Thurman:

> Therefore, the mystic's concern with the imperative for social action is not merely to improve the condition of society. It is not merely to feed the hungry, not merely to relieve human suffering and human misery: If this were all, in and of itself, it would be important surely. But this is not all. The basic consideration has to do with the removal of all that prevents God from coming to life in the individual. Whatever there is that blocks this, calls for action.

For the mystic, social action is sacramental because it is not an end in itself. Whatever is blocking the way to the center of the individual where the altar is found, this must be removed.

For Howard Thurman, the end of social action is to open the oppressed and the oppressor to the individual altar at the center of the self. His teaching parallels Gandhi's practice of "Truth Force" or *Satyagraha*. In the Middle Ages the cycle of the monastery was "prayer and work,"

Dorothy Eaton

Howard Thurman

ora et labora. "Work" has been the focus of capitalism, communism and the labor theory of value. Some recent "self improvement" articles point to meditation as a means of being more productive. Thurman reverses this goal. For him the value of work and service is to free individuals for prayer.

Thurman's preaching inspired leaders of the American Civil Rights Movement. His book, *Jesus and the Disinherited* is a textbook of Liberation Theology: Toward the end of his life, Thurman focused on the need for community in his book, *The Search for Common Ground*. In this he affirms the fundamental "need to care for and the need to be cared for."

This double vision of giving and receiving is also central to Ittoen, a

religious community in central Japan. Early in this century, for several years, Tenko-san, the founder of Ittoen, wandered around seeking a new way of life not based on striving. While fasting in a small temple, he heard the voice of an infant crying out for its mother's milk. On receiving the milk, the infant was happy and quiet. The infant is happy receiving. The mother is happy giving.

Mother/child madonna figures occur in every religion. They connect us with the cycles of life and "basic trust" which is the power of faith. In each of us, there is an aspect of the parent nursing the child, and of the child being nursed by the parent.

In the spring of 1988, I listened to 100 school children sing beneath cherry blossoms near Kyoto, as Ittoen opened a new museum enshrining memories of its founder, Tenko-san. Ittoen, "the garden of light" has a central community at Yamashina with 200 members who share a common life. Thousands of others are "friends of Ittoen." Near the new museum is a statue of Tenko-san and his wife going out to render service by

> The coming world community calls for friendships that transcend traditional boundaries.

cleaning. On the hill above is a "space pod," a sphere perhaps 20 meters in diameter. Funeral services are held here, the ashes dropped in a common crypt beneath the sphere. At the close of a funeral ceremony I attended, everyone was given a chocolate bar as a reminder that life is still sweet.

To be a full member of the Ittoen community, you give up all personal possessions. Tenko-san wrote, "In having nothing lies inexhaustible wealth." The paradox is that while the members of Ittoen may be poor, the community has grown rich. Service to the community has inspired gifts in return.

As sages have known for ages, real prayer is work. Meditation to empty the mind of illusions is work. As the *Roshi* (teacher) says, "practice, practice." This practice can be summed up in five steps:

PROPHECY

A call comes, shattering previous illusions.

EMPTYING

In a wilderness journey the mind overcomes demons and illusions.

AFFIRMATION

The visions from the journey are proclaimed. Prophetic men and women call their disciples.

CO-MISSION

"Go ye unto all the world and preach the good news."

ENDING

Welcome new generations. Death is not the end but humus for new life.

In one of Rilke's poems, he is contemplating an ancient statue, a torso of the Greek God Apollo. The vision of beauty is so compelling, Rilke closes the poem with the lines, "you must change your life." So Albert Schweitzer told that his decision to go to Africa was in part inspired by a statue of a Black African at Colmar. Service, like science and sex, requires a "self surrender," an openness to a new relationship: an encounter with "another" beyond our previous knowing.

Science in the 19th century struggled for the absolute: to capture Truth in a net of knowledge. Now a scientific best seller is entitled, *Chaos*. We are learning that we live in a universe in which predictability is impossible, in weather or in human behavior. Patterns repeat, but they change, like jazz dancers improvising. Scientists speak of the "butterfly effect," in which a butterfly in Beijing can change the weather in London.

As women press for equality, sex roles change also. "God talk" ceases to point to a *Father* in the sky. Instead of a "creator God," we think in terms of the "web of existence." We think of the world as process rather than completion. Both male and female struggle with themselves to give up the ideal of domination. Power moves from being hierarchical to being relational.

Real service may require that we step down from our "godly" role of

Janet Ginall

"helping the poor." The coming world community calls for friendships that transcend traditional boundaries. Recently, I heard the Moderator of the United Church of Canada, a Korean, speak. He told us that his daughter came to him and asked permission to marry a Scot. She suggested a small wedding, so as not to embarrass her father's leadership in the Korean Community. Her father said, "No, we'll have a big wedding. We will celebrate that we are living what we preach."

To pray is to risk changing your life, by serving others. Let us pray.

Members of Fellowship in Prayer in 80 countries form a global spiritual community of men and women—many of whom organize groups or correspond with each other in order to share spiritual insights and to pray together. If you would like to hear from or write to people in our Interfaith Network, please send your name and address to us at 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542, and we will list it in our next issue.

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Ask Angela

BARBARA ACKERMAN

Do you have a question of the heart or spirit that needs attention? Angela, our canine sage-in-residence, would love to help. Please write to her in care of FiP, 291 Witherspoon St, Princeton, NJ 08542, and she will give you her answer in our next issue.

Dear Angela,

Could you share your thoughts about opening our hearts to more love, and opening our hearts to new love? Thank you.

Sincerely,
Ready to Love Again

Dear Ready,

Thank you so much for your question. Love is an issue close to my own heart, right next to concerns about my personal Kibble supply. Like many of you, I'm sure I tend to be cautious with my heart. Personally, I feel that it is not always appropriate or safe to love everyone all the time. I love all of humanity, I just don't want humanity too close to my blanket. I'm all for love as long as all that love stays up in the living room where it's supposed to be, and doesn't bug me too much down here in the basement. I believe that there is a time and place for love and that love should stay there. I love love just like everyone else, but in measured, safe amounts. In love, I feel that 'safety first' is a good motto to stick with, and a diet of love in moderation is best, with the noted exception of the giving and receiving of chest rubs.

I experience universal love except when a toddler is about to toddle on me. This is when I use the universal distress signal which is to turn myself into stone. A Toddler Alert situation calls for safety first. When it comes to humanity in general and toddlers in particular, I feel that humanity has its place and toddlers need to get out of my face. When a toddler toddles home, my heart fills with love for them.

In matters of the heart, each of us has the right to tread lightly, go easy, stop, ponder, hem and haw, and weigh the pros and cons before giving our hearts away. It is not necessary or even advisable to give our

hearts away every day. There are those of us who simply choose to keep our circle of love small and intimate and who still lead full, happy, and productive lives.

Let me take one minute here to speak briefly about opening our hearts to new love after a painful love experience, or in losing a loved one (there is a natural mourning time). While mourning, for safety's sake, our hearts will be closed to new love. The trick is to know when we are ready to love again. This we can find out by asking our heart and waiting quietly for its response. If you are ready to let love into your heart again, here are four reminders:

1) Love shows up in all seasons and weather conditions and comes in all shapes, sizes, heights, weights, and colors.
2) Notice and acknowledge that your new love feels different in your heart than your old love felt.
3) Though it is natural to compare your new love to your old love, understand that in love, comparison robs everyone.
4) Plan on and get used to missing and loving your old love while you are loving your new love.

Though I offer here my cautious approach to love, even a 'safety first' aficionado like myself has met love nose-first, and I do so safely and successfully. My personal tale proves that love is worth taking a risk for when you're ready.

Back in the days before I opened my heart to more love, I was the family dog living the good life, mostly underneath the living room couch. It was pleasant, dark, and punctuated by humans on their bellies trying to pull me out by my front paws into the light. Under the couch, I was protected from the pitfalls and possibilities of love. One day, a stranger came calling and sat on the couch. In this moment, I made a transforming choice. I threw caution to the wind and stuck the black tippy-tip of my nose out. The stranger began petting the tippy-tip of my nose long enough to convince me that no harm would come to me if I decided to squiggle my way out. I did come out. A daring move, but I did it. Of course, this stranger is my best beloved buddy Barbara, and although it took several hours of chest rubbings, loving my buddy has transformed my couch-potato existence.

The lesson I learned then I pass on to all of you now: Follow the tip of your nose wherever it leads you, even if it appears to be leading you out from underneath the living room couch.

Janet Kerr

In matters of love, there is a time for safety and a time for risk, and each of us has to figure out for ourselves what time it is.

Before I loved my buddy Barbara, I believed in the Kibble mentality of love. In the morning, you go to the bowl and there is an abundance of Kibbles. As you keep going back for more Kibbles, there is less and less. Until at the end of the day, you used it all up. Many of us think this way about love—if we love, we use it up and then it's gone. I experience love a bit differently now. Having a best friend has opened my heart to the truth about love: love and Kibble operate under the natural law of never-ending supply. No matter how much Kibble and love you use up, there is always another big bowlful just waiting to be poured. It may actually be possible to end up with more than you started with. Unless, of course a human forgets to go to the store and you get an abundant bowl of Cheerios instead.

In closing, let me mention a few of the miracles I've personally experienced since I opened my heart to love. I spend 16½% less time underneath the living room couch. Before Barbara, I was a pooch with a pretty face. Now I am a guru with a bi-monthly column. Before I stuck my nose out, I was a mixed breed with a flea problem and no official papers. Today, I am a mixed breed with fleas and fan mail. Before I loved my buddy, I was a dog who didn't answer to my own name. Today, I am a dog whose name is known in far-away places like Russia and California.

Before love, I was a somewhat difficult, somewhat ornery crank. Now I am a kinder, gentler crank. Need I say more about the transforming power of love?

Wishing you all the wow of love.

Faithfully,
Angela

THE SPIRIT OF RENEWAL: CRISIS AND RESPONSE IN JEWISH LIFE

by Rabbi Edward Feld, Jewish Lights Publishing, Woodstock/Vermont, 1991, 191 pages, hardback, $22.95.

This book is a powerfully poignant chronicle of the ways Jews have reacted to evil. The author, Director of the Hillel Foundation at Princeton University and a leader in interfaith activities, primarily traces the way Jews dealt with what is called theodicy through the ages. Theodicy is the effort to answer the question of why, if God is good, innocent people suffer and the wicked often flourish.

The classical effort to wrestle with the quandary of God's ways in the face of evil is to be found in the book of Job. Feld asserts that the author of Job chiefly asks questions. But the answer as to why a seemingly benevolent God tolerates iniquity eludes the biblical writer.

In the Bible the prophet called Second Isaiah conjectures that the suffering of the Jew is meant to cauterize the ills of mankind, an idea that led to the Christian view that the death of Jesus somehow cleanses erring humanity.

When the Jews suffered another calamity circa 135 c.e. with the defeat of fighting Jewish general, Bar Kochban, the rabbis of that era once again were confronted with the dilemma of seemingly causeless anguish. The sage Akiva and others resorted to the view that matters would be balanced in an after life. Those who suffer "here," will be compensated "up there."

Later, when Jews underwent continued persecution at the hands of Crusaders who jammed synagogues with Jews and burned them alive, or at the hands of the Inquisition, a school of theology arose among the Jews which declared that martyrdom itself is an opportunity to display one's fealty to God.

Then came the Holocaust. Feld describes the monstrosity of genocide in heart-numbing accounts.

That twentieth century savagery, perpetrated by the people of Goethe and Beethoven and apathetically witnessed by the rest of the world, convinces Rabbi Feld that we must re-examine our view of the Almighty One. Feld can no longer accept an all-powerful God. He subscribes to the view of Rabbi Kushner, in *Why Bad Things Happen to Good People*, that God's potency is limited. God weeps with the victims of brutality but is apparently unable to curb the killers.

Yes, there is a God. God is the One who moves many people to do good. God is the One who motivated some people to risk their lives to snatch victims from the Nazis. God is the One to whom we can pray for the maximization of goodness within us.

Other theologians, of course, who have grappled with the problem of divine omnipotence vs. divine benevolence, assert that God is indeed all-powerful. They say that God *could* halt the evildoer, but if God *did* that would reduce people to puppetry. This theology has it that God has given us an idea of what is proper but has also given us the power to ignore that wisdom and indulge in cruelty. No God, therefore, but wicked people, are responsible for humanity's inhumanity.

Rabbi Feld will not have any of that "rationale." He opts for a Lord of limited power. Yet he insists that God is an inner force alive and active in sensitive human beings. A well-written and highly provocative work.

Rabbi Samuel Silver

Tom Dunham

We welome your comments. Please send them to the Editor, FiP, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542.

I have been enjoying your excellent journal for awhile now and have found insight and inspiration between its covers.

Michael Exeter; British Columbia

I would like to join your Interfaith Community. I feel that it is the answer I have been looking for. I was raised as a Christian but dropped out of organized religion as an adult. Like Gandhi, I seem to have an internal sense that the bedrock beliefs of all the great religions point to the same reality.

I am quite interested in corresponding with members of different religions in order to learn more about their beliefs. In return I will gladly pass on any knowledge I have from 12 years of Roman Catholic education.

I hope that this letter is the first step in a long journey towards greater understanding of all people. When it comes to universal peace and love, if we are not part of the solution, we are part of the problem.

Michael Ream; Bordentown, NJ 08505

A great magazine! Thanks.

Rev. Don Oleksiak; Strongsville, OH

Thank you very much for an inspiring publication! We find much spiritual help in it. Please renew our subscription.

S. Ita Duffy; St. Joseph's Magazine; Jersey City, NJ

Thanks so much for the back issues of *FiP* that you sent to our little Prayer-Study Group. Friends [Quakers], were delighted and have enjoyed the richness of *FiP*. We are planning to continue our meetings on a monthly basis and will be using *Fellowship in Prayer* as well as your brochure, "The Way of Prayer."

Thank you for your prayers, your witness, and your mission in prayer.

Linda Haines; Nevada City, CA

I eagerly await each issue of *FiP*. The authors who write about their experiences of God are especially interesting and give me new insights. I cut out particularly helpful articles—the ones that are both practical and inspirational—and glue them on 4 x 6 inch cards. I file them for future

reading and mulling over, arranging them according to topics. What a wealth of material I gather from *FiP*! God bless you.

S. Catherine Ann Holzinger; St. Louis, MO

As I was reading your February, 1992, issue for the third time, I was moved by the Dalai Lama's article, "Solving Human Problems by Transforming Human Attitudes." I understood why the Dalai Lama stressed "the training of the mind to endure suffering and attain a more lasting state of happiness." In my 14 years of incarceration, I have seen too many journeys toward happiness end in a small prison cell. The addicts, so caught up in their escape that they rob their own family; jealous spouses, so caught up in suspicion that they kill the one they love; the thieves, with their low self esteem, thinking they are unemployable, who steal for their basic needs. The story goes on and on. And in each case, they illustrate what the Dalai Lama writes, "In their quest for happiness, humans have used different methods, which all too often are cruel and repellent."

It is not possible for me to say "I'm sorry" to my victim, so permit me to seek reconciliation with those of you who read these words. I am sorry for my inhumanity in the past. And I thank each of you at Fellowship in Prayer for reaching out to me with your words, your love, and your belief in "truth, honesty, justice, and mercy."

Craig S; San Luis Obispo, CA

I want to take the time to thank you for the continuing gift subscription to *Fellowship in Prayer* which you so graciously send to me. Often I have wanted to write a note of thanks but kept putting it off. Now I must write because I do not want to continue taking such a gift for granted! It is indeed a *wonderful* gift coming every two months and providing me and the other sisters here with food for thought and prayer.

Thank you for your work providing such a journal of prayer in a world which needs it so badly. May the Lord bless you and all at FiP with peace! May you always be able to spread a message of hope as you do now through this lovely little magazine. God bless you.

S. Mary Catherine; Philadelphia, PA

I have been reading your publication for over 2 years now, and it has been a great source of inspiration for me.

David McCall; Lorton, VA

This letter is for Angela. Angela, I cannot stop working compulsively—

even on holidays. I feel guilty if I am not *doing* something to improve my life. And when my long to-do list is all checked off, I look for new things to make me feel worthy of life. Please give me your advice, Angela. I trust you!

M. Cingale; W. Paterson, NJ

I had a heart attack a couple of months ago. While I was in the hospital, my wife was pretty scared—although she didn't let on. She said the only thing that calmed her down was reading *Fellowship in Prayer*. The night before my angiogram, she was able to sleep, and I underwent a successful angiogram. Thanks!

Rabbi Joseph B. Glaser; NY, NY

The Way of Prayer

We have received so many requests for our new booklet *The Way of Prayer*, that we are going to a second printing. We are delighted with the response.

The eight-page booklet, with its sections on "Forms of Prayer," "Attitude Toward Prayer," "The Practice of Prayer," how to organize prayer groups, and "Suggested Readings," clearly answers a deeply felt need.

Please send your request, plus $2 for each copy you order, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Fellowship in Prayer, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542-3227.

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We welcome articles on prayer, meditation, spiritual experience, religious faith or practices, and similar topics. Preference is given to experiential manuscripts. Manuscripts should not exceed 1500 words, should be typed, double spaced, either on 8½ by 11 inch paper or on a 5¼ inch floppy minidisk, 2S/2D, in WordPerfect and sent to The Editor, Fellowship in Prayer, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542. Please include a biography of no more than five lines.

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